

MACLEAN'S

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Canada's National Magazine

Pills for damaged minds / The Clay-Chuvalo caper / How to raise a blind baby

THE MANY FACES OF BARRY MORSE



Barry Morse plays nine different roles in a CBC television play. See page 10

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Buddy Moose returned

[illegible]

It's a slinky femme fatale! Nope! It's a bone-tired television actor



Barry Morse at 47: "The Fugitive" has made him rich—but for fulfillment's sake he still works for peanuts in Canada

BY ION RUDDY

—HAY, DON'T TALK, you know, the guy who plays that cop? Over there, by the arena counter — the guy on that TV show, *The Fugitive*. What's his name? Come on over and meet him. What-
 you mean you couldn't? He's an actor, isn't he?

"Say, aren't you — I mean, what are you doing here?"

"The buying could stop," says Barry Morris.

"You chasing that guy Kinski up here now?"

¹ *See* e.g., *United States v. Smith*, 199 F.3d 1033, 1037 (9th Cir. 2000).

"I live here in Toronto. I

For fifteen years."

—Well, you: we never know that.

New Orleans, while a sport of itself with a sharp nose, high cheekbones, bright eyes and wide thin mouth makes a personal life promising in his wonderful voice, which is like sand pouring on a landscape, the perfect voice to say "the substantial ones surround," or, "Whoever he is, our killer is both clever and cunning," or "Shoobie! Only the smartest, old boy."

To the shoppers in the supermarket he says, "For the past 100 years,

[illegible][illegible]

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

is a competitive swim whose competition is situated in the biologic diversity of the CBC. He stays here because, as he says in one of his essays, "English and Americans, he is a Canadian citizen."

In Toronto, he lives around the corner from the CBC in a three-floor walk-up apartment in an old building that looks as though it should be full of widows with Pomeranians. (He sold his home on Avenue Road where his wife and two children moved to London, where the children was a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts.) Not that Moore has to walk to his studio — the CBC always picks him up in a chauffeur-driven limousine.

Plana's feelings about the CBC are fiercely ambivalent, he feels, for instance, that the loudest thing is / continued on page 27

BY AUDREY BOWEN

"I don't want it," the girl had yelled out. The parcel remained undisturbed. Miss Stark quickly opened it. Inside the wrappings was a newborn baby — a blind babe. As soon as she perceived from the thump of her discovery that Stark had said what she thought.

Not long afterward, another mother brought her blind child to Miss Boone's school. He was a plump five-year-old boy. The mother carried him affectionately in the crook of her arm. His ready response to school. A few moments of observation and questioning convinced the blind worker that he was anything but ready for school — or for any sort of society outside the home.

He wasn't home-ruled. He didn't lead himself. He could talk, but when he said was a parrot like repetition of anything that was said to him. His mother, a girl to do all she could for her handicapped child, had done too much.

New limits experimentally show that two anemic children — the infant baby and the malnourished boy — were destined to leave a new way of life for the blind children of South America. In a very real sense, it is the mission of the University of British Columbia to be the largest number of blind children — almost — in

A dozen walk-alongs the works literary Godfrey Robinson, assistant professor of pediatrics at the University of North Carolina, says it this way: "Many people at first regard the blind child as a reflection on themselves. Some fathers even feel it a reflection on their ability. Many parents are reluctant to accept the implications of the handicap. They know that they want to accept it somehow."

—Presents really start in one of two ways, by throwing someone else, or by pretending it doesn't exist. It may make a man feel better to blame his wife, but it doesn't do the man any good if it is really needed for the birth of a third baby to change a marriage.

Admitting that the presence of a third body in a family creates emotional problems, *Men's Journal* advises its so-called the director of marriage and positive attitudes that will help the Men should be able to as normally as possible.

"If blind babies can be stimulated in the same way as sighted babies," she says, "then there is hope for the deaf-blind as well."

The mechanics of her program are disarmingly simple. The baby's name is, for example, "Colin." She says "col" in yellow, it catches the eye of a signed child. He realizes he is sad that develops his voice and back reaction. A blind baby's mother must encourage her child to find the name and must take much more positive teaching time than sighted child.

It is neither a lie, but at times, it fully can take heart to think leading us back. Children mothers usually give this chance, on the other hand, mothers of blind children should not even do it.

The mother should support her by touch — by placing her cheek against the baby's, by stroking her neck or back. The child, like a kitten, will

Modern society, while the world underlies the

Speech on the other hand is something the blind child can learn by listening others. But he needs an example. (continued on page 14)



**SUNDAY
SAILORS**

Up sails, teenage crew to the rigging, and Pathfinder is off to adventure—overleaf . . .



The breeze is riving through these parts its compass, swift and easy to handle — exactly what the junks who originally evolved the design had in mind. But this particular ingenuity is the *Parklander*, built its practical specialist boat four years ago by a group of Toronto businessmen, and now operated as a sort of permanent, floating, nonprofit summer camp for teenagers who want to experience the adventure of sailing.

The *Parklander* usually sails with an all-male crew, but girls are allowed aboard on Sundays, either as volunteer sailors or as weekend passengers. So when two kids at Margaret's lost his chance along for a late

Odessa cruise last Sunday last summer, his shipmates included thirty girls. A few of them were content to lounge. Edgart reports that most chose to swim, drink, work on the galley or — best of all — swim up the rigging and actually sail the ship with the boys.

When you're up in the rigging, there's a crucial rule: "One hand for the job, one hand and two feet for the ship." Timid as I was, the girls pictured in the sequence above learned fast. By the end of the day they were as agile as most of the boys. Lucinda Doucette (in striped shirt, top left), a veteran of several Sunday cruises, had at first weathered the brack of looking around

while clinging to a creaking mast fifty feet above the water. Now David Margaret's son (who's the shadow in the white sweater) was more confident. But after a few hours on the rigging, she felt fairly enough to help unman a mast rope — with nothing below her but a quivering lifeline and the green water of Lake Ontario.

The ship's chain on deck are less daring, but just as necessary. Sails must be non-stop adjusted (far left) by hauling ropes, decks must be washed and somebody — in this case Margaret's sister, Alison, at far right — has to steer below in the pilothouse and wash the color cups. / continued on p. 87



continued



Although the party was not intended to celebrate the anniversary of her death, the spring of twelve knots, it wasn't really a surprise. Ever since Margaret first took the leap in 1976, she's always let me at it most seasons, the dull-hued rope or cloth tending to the white.

At the height of the action, there were some moments lapsing on drink and Wharfedale said afterwards that she'd been "scared" — which is one way of describing the state of exhilaration you get from acid, water and orgasms.



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Anatomy of a championship: how Chuvalo won by losing



The Clay-Chuvalo match was labeled the night of the century. A close-up report on how a "hero" became a hero BY JOHN ROBERTSON

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: It's only 100 years old, and it's far too young to be reading the sports pages or to understand why anyone would risk his life in a punching bag — and at exactly the same time — before he fights George Chuvalo.

But there was there that night in Maple Leaf Gardens, and he was there (there developing punches with real delight) he takes a dose and more the sound was in every corner from his corner last. Perhaps it was just to make a show of it, but he wanted him to see especially in his not doing the last round, and I heard him whisper the referee to get up of the way during one story to his last round took this guy Clay a good one.

After the last bell, while thousands of groans that filled and applauded the unbelievable, almost inevitable average of his father Mark tipped his mother's head toward the corner of the ring where the winners and losers were waiting to see the man he was so proud of, right at night.

A muscular hand behind him up over the ring apron, behind the ropes. George now has and been his head over the top rope and could reach up and grab both sides of the ropes that surrounded his corner, headfirst into. And there, in front of the crowd, he was almost people they believed him to be.

Frank pushed from the boy's eyes, and for the first time that night George Chuvalo gave way to his own emotions and looked back then.

Pushed by his manager, Irving Segerson, and his trainer, Tony McHughan, the man at most everyone had looked at as a mild challenger, ducked through the ropes and entered warily into the ring, into his boxing stance at his pretty subdued with Lyne. His mother who had refused to take him to the ring for most of the evening, so the crowd's face in an well as have those punches aimed against the face and body of his son, Mark had seen Lyne and returned the last. Chuvalo's head with a hand that gripped him with cold steel only.

Robert Jack Brown and the two judges had unanimously declared Clay the winner. All the winner and only one to see to Mark. Lyne, Mr. Chuvalo and thousands of others they that night, there was no more. Even the men about prize men who had been between and George had failed and told the fight referee to see them over. They drove their punches and showed him to the end.

As I joined my way in the press entrance room behind the ring, that was still singing toward tonight, after a night's sleep, he was in

The man who wouldn't go down a game, battered Chuvalo was first fighter to punch Clay to 18 rounds.



George Chuvalo, 112th welterweight champion, admitted, "He's the toughest man I've ever fought."

from and behind me, and I heard the fight "He's not a hero," was said of Chuvalo. "Clay must have been the hardest man, he never even flinched." A British man said "It was like watching a dog keep up a job done at a winning time. But Chuvalo took a hit and he might not have lived today in the process."

There was a momentary time for the three hundred and forty boxing reporters, most of whom had looked with mixed feelings to the event to see what some of them considered the biggest championship fight in the last history of heavyweight boxing.

Clay had said that there of his last four major fights. His only impression concerned was that although he'd lost all of his left-hand punches he'd never been knocked down. But they could more for his courage and resolve than for his ability.

Clay's image in the United States had been severed to the point where he had been looked by public opinion to take his role out of the country to defend it. It was not enough, all about, to be associated with the Black Muslims, but he had only supplied everything with his own famous words, about his last fight. "I can't go on against this man Val Cogan."

At the same time, no one questioned Clay's fighting ability. He had knocked out eight opponents in ten fights, and had beat out ten former world champions, Floyd Patterson and Sonny Liston.

In the light of the night, a fourth time, this, young a champion considered was prepared to fight in his own country against a challenger who

had been looked at as a worthy opponent: he'd won majority, Sam Jones of the London Daily Mirror, a leading British sports authority, took a dose from his side and demanded a world bout of the two. "It's not a fight," he said. "It's a war." Typical of British sports men was the fact that he had been called a "warrior" by the New York Times. He told his readers, "They are fighting 1000 people here for a fight that's worth 10 men." And sports editor Mike Charnell of the Toronto Star had printed his department all the way from Chicago and asked "They're not fighting in any of your advance stories that Chuvalo has a chance, because you and I both know he has it."

But on fight night Chuvalo was on punch before in their presence. After a 10-minute holding, he turned in a big-time performance. I saw it from across the ring. As I stepped up through the ropes I felt that the Chuvalo was working with technique as Chuvalo played out of his corner as the referee had said took on pressing jobs before he landed a solid left hook to Clay's midsection. But this for round after round he had been deeply surviving the fight to Clay, who unthinkingly missed in back with a downward punch and then didn't follow up with the Canadian champion. It seemed so strange that Chuvalo would go down. But he showed the producers something for the full 15-year record. I continued on page 24

Retarded children
need your help so very much:

In Canada, one child in every thirty is born—or is destined to become—mentally retarded.

That's more than 17,000
each year.

And each one needs special
care and attention.

Your local Association for Retarded Children is doing all it can in the way of providing the necessary training and guidance to help these unfortunate youngsters grow into



useful, happy citizens

It is vital work.

And you are invited to help. Soon now, you'll be receiving some "Flowers of Hope" seeds. These are being packaged and sent to you by the retarded children themselves.



"Flowers of Hope"



All we ask you to do is—on Mother's Day if possible—plant these seeds in your window box or garden. Then plant a seed of hope for the retarded children in your neighbourhood by giving as generously as you can to the Retarded Children's Association.

SCHLÜSSELWÖRTER: *„Individualität“*

"We know the treatment works, even if we don't know why."

source adjustment yet. But he now wants the adjustment over because DPN will go to market, available for a part of time, at a rate yet being produced in quantity.

Aggravate DFN symptoms are based on the theory that it is sufficient for cause of 40ppm the body from processing airborne hexachloro. But theory that the body produces the sufficient adrenocortical this is erroneous and if it is the scenario and even though we want to know it has a the more reasonable hypothesis (Gardner and I have been able to make the model, we've proved that, even in 40ppm and it is also for the first time, we've proved that the body is not being able to process any. All we have to do now is persuade other doctors to do the treatment.

Mr. de Jong is first major chief hospital in the U.S. His plan was to develop more managed health-care on an experimental basis, and Heile says there is growing support for his ideas in Europe, especially within Europe.

¹² 'If strong, what happens to waiting?'

[illegible]

Dr. Rita Latham, professor of psychiatry at McGill University, recognizes that the ability to accurately assess one's own strengths and limits "is not impossible" but she discovered something. On Dr. A. Chagnon's street in the Niles Memorial Institute of Psychiatry in Montreal says: "Some people have tried going schizophrenic, but it's more sad for the patients than it is interesting. You tell the patients, 'I'm going to take it easy - with treatment of the mind (drugs) - I'm not touching it over the body.' That's all and Chagnon said they are still with others from the institute and people

Another instance of parodying the Hindu saffron robe "Samskara" and beyond: "the rest of the world (of parody) is a disgusting lot." But for a unambiguously acute of the sarcasm and irony: "I am not a samskara. But I am disgusted by it."

tion, all we're trying to affect is the shift in a person's likely behavior for schizophrenia, and we can't do a generally accepted test for that. Maybe some of the discourse may even prompt scientific evidence for that, but we doubt it. California, who was named first when he asked doctors at a second hospital to see

her schizophrenic son with autism. He has assembled the Lillies and spread the powder on you sandwiches so that look, he, resembles to the hospital like the boy, right? Every month he shows the boy was well enough to

The exposure of the work itself, such as most difficult to take in an



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Lynch, Berggren / *Gender Inequality in the Workplace* 109

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The back of the seat seems to do all the work. You put your foot down, and the back of your seat gives you a polite but irresistible urge forward. Ease the pressure and the seat does likewise. All without any jumps or jerks or awkward pauses. It just happens. Oh, we could talk knowingly about the variable vane stator in our Turbo Hydra-Matic, which switches from low to high to send smooth power to the turbine. Or our automatic altitude compensator. But we don't think you'll care. What goes on, down there in front of the gas pedal, is mechanics. What you feel is exhilaration. That, you will care for. Exhilaration. That's what Oldsmobile is all about. Try it.



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